

Where sin is not, and sorrows are no more,
 Feels that for him the world hath lost its charms,
 The grave its sting, the future its alarms.
 When thus, adorn'd with righteousness, appears
 His hoary head, the scorners self revere.
 But Oh, how lovely ! when ingenuous youth,
 Taught by the spirit, seek the ways of truth :
 And walk therein, devoting all their days,
 Even to the last, in their Redeemer's praise ;
 And pressing on as first their course began,
 Increase in favor both with God and man.

How many half persuaded in their mind,
 Convinced, convicted, yet continue blind
 Call'd to repentance, and yet call'd in vain,
 They shun it as a life of toil and pain,
 Deeming the follower of the Crucified
 Is every human happiness denied,
 And, though he gains reward beyond the tomb,
 Knows but on earth austerity and gloom.
 And were it so, vain caviller ! wouldst not thou
 For such reward to such appointment bow ?
 Yea, age on age of misery endure,
 If thus thou could'st eternal bliss secure,
 But no ! our God requireth not, that here
 His servants should be gloomy or austere,
 For even here more happiness they know,
 Than Mammon can afford, or sin bestow.
 Lightly on him affliction's arrows fall,
 Who seeks afar from this his all in all :
 Who as a pilgrim treads life's weary road,
 And looks not on this world as his abode.
 Calm flows the stream of time content he lives,
 With cheerfulness enjoys what mercy gives,
 And to his brother's need, with liberal heart,
 Of his own blessings hastens to impart.
 Thus as he journeys on, with sweet controul
 One constant feeling animates his soul,
 And reigns therein unceasingly the same.
 Love unto Him by whom salvation came :
 Glory to God his aim : in all his deeds
 The motive from this higher source proceeds,
 Till sin, though yet innate, is so express'd,
 Peace, peace alone, inhabits in his breast :
 And, springing from this heavenly peace, his mind
 Glows with a brother's love to all mankind.
 Though oft, alas, injustice may prevail,
 Though undeserved reproach his name assail,
 Though many a wrong his wounded spirit grieve :
 Even as he hopes forgiveness to receive,
 He will forgive, yea more, he will bestow
 Blessings for curses, benefits for woe,
 And as his Master pray'd, that prayer renew
 " Father, forgive ! They know not what they do."

There are emotions in the human mind,